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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Smuggler: a Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Much as we have relished a sojourn in the fine English county of Kent heretofore,—and many a pleasant day have we spent in it,—we shall, henceforth, with Heaven's blessing, enjoy it more and more. Mr. James's minute picture of what it was about a century ago, outraged by smugglers, robbers, and murderers, with squires to connive at their doings, if not to act as their accomplices, must give a fresh zest to its now peaceful glades and bosky woods, its rustic population and honourable aircracy. Of the story itself the author tells us:

"All the more wild, stirring, and what may be called romantic parts of the tale are not alone founded upon fact, but are facts; and the narrative owes me nothing more than a gown owes to a sempstress—namely, the mere sewing of it together with a very commonplace needle and thread. In short, a few characters thrown in for relief, a little love, a good deal of landscape, and a few tiresome reflections, are all that I have added to a simple relation of transactions well known to many in this part of the country, as having actually happened a generation or two ago."

How Mr. James is likely to treat such subjects we need not hint. His verisimilitude, and accurate delineation of landscape scenery, as well as the popular manners of the times he undertakes to illustrate, combining the minuteness of Denner with the breadth of Giorgione, are fully displayed in these volumes. Contrasting these days with ours, he generally observes:

"After all, society is but a clock, a very complicated piece of mechanism; and it, too, has undergone, in many countries, the same improvements that have taken place in the little ticking machines that we put in our pocket, or those greater indicators of our progress towards eternity that we hang upon our walls. From the wooden clock, with its weight and cogwheel, to the exquisite chronometer which varies only by a second or two in the course of the year, what a vast advance! and between even a period which many still living can remember, and that in which I now write, what a change has taken place in the machinery and organisation of the land in which we dwell!"

"One of the parts in which rudeness of construction and coarseness of material were most apparent was, in the customs system of the country, and in the impediments which it met with. The escapement was any thing but fine. Now-a-days we do things delicately. If we wish to cheat the government, we forge exchequer-bills, or bribe landing-waiters and supervisors, or courteously insinuate to a superior officer that a thousand pounds is not too great a mark of gratitude for enabling us to pocket twenty thousand at the expense of the customs. If we wish to cheat the public, there is chalk for our milk, grains of paradise for our beer, sago and old rags for our sugar, lime for our linen, and devil's dust to cover our

backs. Chemistry and electricity, steam and galvanism, all lend their excellent aid to the cheat, the swindler, and the thief; and if a man is inclined to keep himself within respectable limits, and deceive himself and others at the same time, with perfect good faith and due decorum, are there not homeopathy, hydrotherapy, and mesmerism? In the days I speak of it was not so. There was a grander roughness and daringness about both our rogues and our theorists. None but a small villain would consent to be a swindler. We had more robbers than cheats; and if a man chose to be an impostor, it was with all the dignity and decision of a *Psalmazor*, or a *bottle-conjurer*. Gunpowder and lead were the only chemical agents employed; a bludgeon was the animal magnetism most in vogue, and your senses and your person were attacked, and knocked down upon the open road without having the heels of either delicately tripped up by some one you did not see."

Our desire never to interfere with a well-constructed plot has always been sorely against our reviews of really excellent and enduring novels; and here the particulars are so interwoven, with a Daniel-de-Foe-like individuality and reality, that we can hardly separate a patch from the tissue without injuring the web and frustrating our principle. The characters are strikingly drawn, and several of them, such as Mr. Warden and Mr. Croyland, very original, with shades of eccentricity to remove them a degree from the rest, however true all are to nature. As for the women, we suppose Mr. James must adore the *sex*, for he rarely draws a female without endowing her with noble qualities or delighting virtues. Both the Croyland sisters are worthy to be heroines, and even poor Kate Clare and her widowed mother are examples to the humbler class which can boast them for its own. The dare-devil brigands and all their connexions are as fierce and lawless as their desperado system demanded, and the lovers are what such heroines as we have alluded to deserve; whilst the control a terrible secret gives a villain over a weaker minded man adds deeply to the interest of the tale. But we must endeavour to select an example or two, which will speak its merits more distinctly than our words. The following is a trait of the whimsical Mr. Croyland, the younger brother of the baronet:

"As to what I am called, I could give you half a dozen names. Some people call me the Bear, some people the Nabob, some the Misanthrope; but my real name—that which I am known by at the post-office—is Mr. Zachary Croyland, brother of the man who has Harbourne House; a younger brother, too, by God's blessing—and a great blessing it is! It is lucky when every man is pleased with his situation," answered his young acquaintance; "most elder brothers thank God for making them such, and I have often had cause to do the same." "It's the greatest misfortune that can happen to a man," exclaimed the old gentleman, eagerly; "what are elder brothers, but people who are placed by fate in the most desperate and difficult circumstances? Spoilt and indulged in their infancy, taught to be

vain and idle and conceited from the cradle, deprived of every inducement to the exertion of mind, corrupted by having always their own way, sheltered from all the friendly buffets of the world, and left, like a pond in a gravel-pit, to stagnate or evaporate without stirring. Nine times out of ten, from mere inaction they fall into every sort of vice; forget that they have duties as well as privileges, think that the slice of the world that has been given to them is entirely at their own pleasure and disposal, spend their fortunes, encumber their estates, bully their wives and their servants, indulge their eldest son till he is just such a piece of unkneaded dough as themselves, kick out their younger sons into the world without a farthing, and break their daughters' hearts by forcing them to marry men they hate. That's what elder brothers are made for; and to be one, I say again, is the greatest curse that can fall upon a man. But come, now I have told you my name, tell me yours. That's but a fair exchange, you know, and no robbery, and I hate going on calling people 'sir' for ever."

Another touch of the same character:

"I had (he says) forgotten that I had told him, four or five days ago, my hatred for all cities, and especially for that great mound of greedy emmets which, unfortunately, is the capital of this country. I declare I never go into that vast den of iniquity, and mingle with the stream of wretched-looking things that call themselves human, which all its doors are hourly vomiting forth, but they put me in mind of the white ants in India, just the same squalid-looking, active, and voracious vermin as themselves, running over every thing that obstructs them, intruding themselves every where, destroying every thing that comes in their way, and, acting as an incessant torment to every one within reach. Certainly, the white ants are the less venomous of the two races, and somewhat prettier to look at; but still there's a wonderful resemblance."

We now pitch upon a piece of the author himself, in his reflective mood:

"There is (he observes in opening a chapter) a strange similarity—I had nearly called it an affinity—between the climate of any country and the general character of its population; and there is a still stronger and more commonly remarked resemblance between the changes of the weather and the usual course of human life. From the atmosphere around us, and from the alterations which affect it, poets and moralists both have borrowed a large store of figures; and the words, clouds, and sunshine, light breezes, and terrible storms, are terms often used to express the variations in man's condition as to convey the ideas to which they were originally applied. But it is the affinity between the climate and the people of which I wish to speak. The sunny lightness of the air of France, the burning heat of Italy and Spain, the cold dulness of the skies of Holland, contrast as strongly with the climate in which we live as the characters of the several nations amongst themselves; and the fiercer tempests of the south, the more foggy and heavy atmosphere of the north, may well be taken as some compensation for the continual mutability of the

weather in our own most changeable air. The differences are not so great here as in other lands. We escape, in general, the tornado and the hurricane, we know little of the burning heat of summer, or the intense cold of winter, as they are experienced in other parts of the world; but at all events, the changes are much more frequent; and we seldom have either a long lapse of sunny days, or a long continued season of frost, without interruption. So it is, too, with the people. Movable and fluctuating as they always are, seeking novelty, disgusted even with all that is good as soon as they discover that it is old, our laws, our institutions, our very manners are continually undergoing some change, though rarely, very rarely indeed, is it brought about violently and without due preparation. Sometimes it will occur, indeed, both morally and physically, that a great and sudden alteration takes place, and a rash and vehement proceeding will disturb the whole country, and seem to shake the very foundations of society. In the atmosphere, too, clouds and storms will gather in a few hours, and darken the whole heaven."

But these isolated passages can furnish but a poor idea of the work, and we take the opening of the second volume (in which the interest becomes more intense) as a better, though still very incompetent, sample of the whole:

"What a varying thing is the stream of life! How it sparkles and glitters! Now it bounds along its pebbly bed, sometimes in sunshine, and sometimes in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were merriment and brightness; sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were derived from Lethe itself. Now it runs like a liquid diamond along the meadow; now it plunges in fume and fury over the rock; now it is clear and limpid, as youth and innocence can make it; now it is heavy and turbid, with the varying streams of thought and memory that are ever flowing into it, each bringing its store of dulness and pollution as it tends towards the end. Its voice, too, varies as it goes; now it sings lightly as it dances on; now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way; and now it has no tone but the dull low murmur of exhausted energy. Such is the stream of life! yet perhaps few of us would wish to change our portion of it for the calm regularity of a canal—even if one could be constructed without locks and flood-gates upon it to hold in the pent-up waters of the heart till they are ready to burst through the banks. Life was in its sparkling aspect with Zara Croyland and Sir Edward Digby, when they set out on horseback for the house of old Mr. Croyland, cantering easily along the roads of that part of the country, which, in the days I speak of, were soft and somewhat sandy. Two servants followed behind at a discreet distance; and lightly passing over hill and dale, with all the loveliness of a very bright portion of our fair land stretched out around them, the young lady and her companion drew in, through the eyes, fresh sensations of happiness from all the lovely things of nature. The yellow woods warmed their hearts; the blue heaven raised their thoughts; the soft air refreshed and cheered all their feelings; and, when a passing cloud swept over the sky, it only gave that slight shadowy tone to the mind, which wakens within us the deep, innate, and elevating movements of the spirit, that seem to connect the aspect of God's visible creation with a higher and a purer state of being. Each had some spring of happiness in the heart fresh opened; for, to the fair girl who went bounding along

through that gay world, the thought that she was conveying to a dear sister tidings of hope was in itself a joy; and to her companion a new subject of contemplation was presenting itself, in the very being who accompanied him on the way—a subject quite untouched and novel, and, to a man of his character and disposition, a most interesting one. Sir Edward Digby had mingled much with the world; he had seen many scenes of different kinds; he had visited various countries, the most opposite to each other; he had frequented courts, and camps, and cities; and he had known and seen a good deal of woman, and of woman's heart; but he had never yet met any one like Zara Croyland. The woman of fashion and of rank in all the few modifications of character that her circumstances admit—for rank and fashion are sadly like the famous bed of the robber of Attica, on which all men are cut down or stretched out to a certain size,—was well known to him, and looked upon much in the light of an exotic plant, kept in an artificial state of existence, with many beauties and excellencies, perhaps, mingling with many deformities and faults, but still weakened and deprived of individuality by long drilling in a round of conventionalities. He had seen, too, the wild Indian, in the midst of her native woods, and might have sometimes admired the free grace and wild energy of uncultivated and unperverted nature; but he was not very fond of barbarism, and though he might admit the existence of fine qualities even in a savage, yet he had not been filled with any great enthusiasm in favour of Indian life from what he had seen in Canada. The truth is, he had never been a very dissolute, or, as it is termed, a very gay man—he was not sated and surfeited with the vices of civilisation, and consequently was not inclined to seek for new excitement in the very opposite extreme of primeval rudeness. Most of the gradations between the two he had seen at different periods and in different lands; but yet in her who now rode along beside him there was something different from any. It was not a want, but a combination of the qualities he had remarked in others. There was the polish and the cultivation of high class and finished training, with a slight touch of the wildness and the originality of the fresh unsophisticated heart. There was the grace of education, and the grace of nature; and there seemed to be high natural powers of intellect, uncurbed by artificial rules, but supplied with materials by instruction. All this was apparent; but the question with him was, as to the heart beneath, and its emotions. He gazed upon her as they went on—when she was not looking that way—he watched her countenance, the habitual expression of the features, and the varying expression which every motion produced. Her face seemed like a bright looking-glass, which a breath will dim, and a touch will brighten; but there is so much deceit in the world, and every man who has mingled with that world must have seen so much of it, and every man, also, has within himself such internal and convincing proofs of our human nature's fondness for seeming, that we are all inclined—except in very early youth—to doubt the first impression, to inquire beyond the external appearance, and to inquire if the heart of the fruit corresponds with the beauty of the outside. He asked himself, what was she really?—what was true, and what was false, in that bright and sparkling creature? Whether was the gaiety or the sadness the real character of the mind within? or whether the frequent variation from the one to the other—ay, and

from energy to lightness, from softness to firmness, from gentleness to vigour—were not all the indications of a character as various as the moods which it assumed? Sir Edward Digby was resolved not to fall in love, which is the most dangerous resolution that a man can take; for it is seldom, if ever, taken except in a case of great necessity—one of those hasty outworks thrown up against a powerful enemy, which are generally taken in moment, and the cannon therein turned against ourselves."

We like this sort of philosophical analysis of human nature, and exhibition of its slightest fibres, as if an anatomist were demonstrating the nerves and the brain; but we leave these for a sage and teaching extract on a subject of infinite importance to our age and country, and one which the author has deeply penetrated and considered.

"There are certainly infinite varieties of human character; and I admit that the mind of man is not the blank sheet of paper on which we can write what we please, as has been vainly represented. Or if it be, the experience of every man must have shewn him that that paper is of every different kind and quality—some that will retain the finest line; some that will scarce receive the broadest trace. But still, education has immense power for good or evil. By education I do not mean teaching. I mean, that great and wonderful process by which, commencing at the earliest period of infancy—ay, at the mother's breast—the raw material of the mind is manufactured into all the varieties that we see. I mean, the sum of every line with which the paper is written as it passes from hand to hand. That is education; and most careful should we be that, at an early period, nought should be written but good; for every word once impressed is well nigh indelible. Now what education had that poor boy received? The people of the neighbouring village would have said, a very good one; for there was what is called a charity-school in the neighbourhood, where he had been taught to read, and write, and cast accounts. But this was *teaching*—not *education*. Oh, fatal mistake! when will Englishmen learn to discriminate between the two? His education had been at home—in that miserable but—by that wretched woman—by her companions in vice and crime! What had all the *teaching* he had received at the school done for him, but placed weapons in the hand of wickedness? Had education formed any part of the system of the school where he was instructed; had he been taught how best to use the gifts that were imparted; had he been inured to regulate the mind that was stored; had he been habituated to draw just conclusions from all he read, instead of merely being taught to read,—that would have been, in some degree, education; and it might have corrected, to a certain point, the darker schooling he received at home. Well might the great philosopher, who in some things most grossly misused the knowledge he himself possessed, pronounce that 'knowledge is power'; but, alas, he forgot to add that it is power for *good or evil*! That poor child had been taught that which to him might have been either a blessing or a bane: but all his real education had been for evil; and there he stood, corrupted to the heart's core."

With this we conclude. We have left all the love and all the involvment of the drama untouched—for we wish every reader to enjoy them as we have done; and, to finish our critique, copy one of the snatches of song with which these pages are brightened:—

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"The Officer's Song."

A star is still beaming
Beyond the grey cloud;
Its light rays are streaming,
With nothing to shroud;
And the star shall be there
When the clouds pass away;
Its lustre unchanging—
Immortal its ray.

'Tis the guide of the true heart,
In field, or on sea;
'Tis the hope of the slave,
And the trust of the free;
The light of the lover,
Whatever assail;
The strength of the honest,
That never can fail.

Walt, walt, thou light wind,
From the peace-giving ray
The vapours of sorrow
That over it stray;
And let it pour forth
All unshrouded and bright,
That those who now mourn
May rejoice in its light."

The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon. 4 vols. 8vo. London, R. Bentley.

THE correspondence of Lord Chesterfield must for ever belong, in the highest sense of the phrase, though a foreign one, to the *Belles Lettres* of England. His varied accomplishments, his acuteness, so nearly approaching the shrewd (yet, owing to other qualities of his mind, so much mistaken for superficiality), and his knowledge of mankind, elicited by important political positions, and a widely extended intercourse with society, render his writings at once agreeably characteristic of the time in which he flourished, and full of lessons which may be usefully applied at any time to come.

A more complete edition of his letters, therefore, was a national desideratum, and its judicious superintendence could not have been entrusted to better hands than those of the nobleman of the same stock, whose congenial previous literary studies and labours have so peculiarly fitted him for the task. To us he appears to have exercised an excellent judgment in omitting that which could be omitted without public loss, in arranging all that was already in print with what was new, and in appending such brief notes to the whole as was required for the clear understanding of the original text, and its references to history and biography.

The preface repeats the sketch of Lord Chesterfield's life and character which was given in the third volume of Lord Mahon's *History of England*, published in 1838, from which we (on that account) copy very slightly. Of his subject he says :

"Nature had endowed him with a brilliant and ready wit, which was sometimes the delight, sometimes the scourge, but always the wonder, of his companions; and which shone alike in his most laboured writings and his least premeditated sallies. His own care had formed manners still proverbial for their excellence, and, in his own time, the model for the world of fashion; while attaining the highest degree of courtly polish, they had neither relaxed into insipidity, nor stiffened into superciliousness, but were animated and enlivened by a never-failing anxiety to please."

Such a model would not be amiss in our dandified and Exquisite days: but still, Lord M. adds :

"The defects of Chesterfield were neither slight nor few; and the more his contemporaries excused them,—lost as they were in the lustre of his fame,—the less should they be passed over by posterity. A want of generosity; dissimulation carried beyond justifiable bounds; a passion for deep play; and a con-

tempt for abstract science, whenever of no practical or immediate use; may, I think, not unjustly be ranked amongst his errors. But, at the root of all, lay a looseness of religious principle. For without imputing to him any participation in the unbelief which his friend Bolingbroke professed, it is yet certain that points of faith had struck no deep root into his mind, and exercised no steady control upon his conduct. The maxims laid down in his familiar correspondence, even when right themselves, seldom rest on higher motives than expediency, reputation, or personal advantage. His own glory,—the false flame that flits over these low grounds,—however brilliant and dazzling from afar, will be found to lack both the genuine glow of patriotism, and the kindling warmth of private friendship. The country is to be served, not because it is our country, but inasmuch as our own welfare and reputation are involved in it: our friends are to be cherished, not as our inclination prompts, or their merits deserve, but according as they appear useful and conducive to the objects we pursue. *'Pro desse quam conspici'* was both the motto and the maxim of Somers; the very reverse, I fear, might sometimes be applied to Chesterfield."

That this is a very discriminating and just appreciation is shewn by every page of these volumes: there does not seem to be one great, sound, or generous principle in any one act, or reason for any one act, in the whole career of Lord Chesterfield. His human sympathies are below zero: he was a being for himself and his own little circle of connexions,—a poor example for a nobleman of rank, power, and influence, enough to spread blessings over a spacious circle around.

But to proceed to the literary matter: in 1774, Lord Chesterfield's famous Letters to his son appeared in two volumes 4to; and in 1777, his miscellaneous works in the same form, to which were prefixed a biographical memoir by Dr. Maty. A supplementary third volume was published in 1778, which has become extremely scarce. These are the foundation of the bulk of the present edition; to which Lord Mahon has the good fortune to add not only new letters to Mr. Dayrolles, but to make those entire which Dr. Maty, so near the period, could only give in a mutilated shape. Of this portion, his lordship truly observes:

"A still larger, and perhaps still more important, accession has been obtained in the original letters to Mr. Dayrolles. To none of his correspondents, scarcely excepting even his own son, did Lord Chesterfield write with such thorough unreserve." The omissions, he continues, "though most proper and discreet in 1777, are no longer necessary in 1845, and the entire letters, as originally written, may now be sent forth in print without either any breach of public confidence or any wound to private feelings."

Having thus shortly described the character and value of the present production, so well fitted to take its place in every library with the most interesting of its contemporary political, historical, and literary associates (the Walpole, Marchmont, Malmesbury, Bolingbroke, Pitt, and other memorable reminiscences), we do not consider it necessary to employ ourselves or our readers on what has long been open to notice, nor even on the curious additions* in the Dayrolles correspondence, but will direct attention to what is altogether novel, under which category comes a remarkable epistle to his god-

* These abound with good-humoured, playful, and entertaining passages, as well as with diplomatic points of considerable interest.—*Ed. L. G.*

son and heir, hitherto unknown to the series, "On the art of pleasing." From it we select the following extract:

"My dear boy,—You will have received by my will solid proofs of my esteem and affection. This paper is not a will, and only conveys to you my most earnest requests, for your good alone, which requests, from your gratitude for my past care, from your good heart, and your good sense, I persuade myself you will observe as punctually as if you were obliged by law to do so. They are not the dictates of a peevish, sour old fellow, who affects to give good rules when he can no longer give bad examples, but the advice of an indulgent and tender friend (I had almost said parent), and the result of the long experience of one hackneyed in the ways of life, and calculated only to assist and guide your unexperienced youth. You will probably come to my title and estate too soon, and at an age at which you will be much less fit to conduct yourself with discretion than you were at ten years old. This I know is a very unbecome truth to a sprightly young fellow, and will hardly be believed by him, but it is nevertheless a truth, and a truth which I most sincerely wish, though I cannot reasonably hope, that you may be firmly convinced of. At that critical period of life, the dangerous passions are busy, impetuous, and ~~stifl~~ all reflection, the spirits high, and examples in general bad. It is a state of continual ebriety for six or seven years at least, and frequently attended by fatal and permanent consequences, both to body and mind. Believe yourself then to be drunk; and as drunken men, when reeling, catch hold of the next thing in their way to support them, do you, my dear boy, hold by the rails of my experience. I hope they will hinder you from falling, though perhaps not from staggering a little sometimes. As to your religious and moral obligations I shall say nothing, because I know that you are thoroughly informed of them, and hope that you will scrupulously observe them, for if you do not you can neither be happy here nor hereafter. * * * Do not set up a tawdry, flaunting equipage, nor affect a grave one: let it be the equipage of a sensible young fellow, and not the gaudy one of a thoughtless young heir; a frivolous *éclat* and profusion will lower you in the opinion of the sober and sensible part of mankind. Never wear over-fine clothes; be as fine as your age and rank require, but do not distinguish yourself by any uncommon magnificence or singularity of dress. Follow the example of Martin, and equally avoid that of Peter or Jack. Do not think of shining by any one trifling circumstance, but shine in the aggregate, by the union of great and good qualities, joined to the amiable accomplishments of manners, air, and address.

* * * Do not be seduced by the fashionable word *spirit*. A man of spirit, in the usual acceptation of that word, is, in truth, a creature of strong and warm animal life with a weak understanding; passionate, wrong-headed, capacious, jealous of his mistaken honour, and suspecting unintended affronts, and, which is worse, willing to fight in support of his wrong head. Shun this kind of company, and content yourself with a cold, steady firmness and resolution. By the way, a woman of spirit is, *mutatis mutandis*, the duplicate of this man of spirit; a scold and a vixen. I shall say little to you against gaming, for my example cries aloud to you, Do not game. Gaming is rather a rage than a passion; it will break in upon all your rational pleasures, and perhaps with some stain upon your character, if you should happen to win; for whoever plays deep must

necessarily lose his money or his character. * * Do not be in haste to marry, but look about you first, for the affair is important. There are but two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably many very uneasy ones; if for money, you will have no happy days, and probably no uneasy ones; in this latter case, let the woman at least be such a one that you can live decently and amicably with, otherwise it is a robbery; in either case let her be of an unblemished and unsuspected character, and of a rank not indecently below your own."

After these and other general maxims, advice is given for parliamentary conduct; *ex. gr.*:

"Where there is a certain fund of parts and knowledge, speaking is but a knack, which cannot fail of being acquired by frequent use. I must, however, add this caution, never write down your speeches beforehand; if you do, you may perhaps be a good declaimer, but will never be a debater. Prepare and digest your matter well in your own thoughts, and *Verba non invita sequantur*. But if you can properly introduce into your speech a shining declamatory period or two, which the audience may carry home with them, like the favourite song of an opera, it will have a good effect. The late Lord Bolingbroke had accustomed himself so much to a florid eloquence even in his common conversation (which anybody with care may do) that his real extempore speeches seemed to be studied. Lord Mansfield was, in my opinion, the next to him in undeviating eloquence; but Mr. Pitt carried with him, unpremeditated, the strength of thunder, and the splendour of lightning. The best master in the world, if ill-dressed and ungracefully spoken, can never please. Conviction or conversion are equally out of the question in both Houses, but he will come the nearest to them who pleases the most. In that, as in everything else, sacrifice to the Graces. Be very modest in your *exordium*, and as strong as you can be in your *peroration*. * * *

"In business (the astute remarks go on) be as able as you can, but do not be cunning; cunning is the dark sanctuary of incapacity. Every man can be cunning if he pleases, by simulation, dissimulation, and, in short, by lying. But that character is universally despised and detested, and justly too; no truly great man was ever cunning. Preserve a dignity of character by your virtue and veracity. You are by no means obliged to tell all that you know and think, but you are obliged, by all the most sacred ties of morality and prudence, never to say any thing contrary to what you know or think to be true. Be master of your countenance, and let not every fool who runs read it. One of the fundamental rules, and almost the only honest one of Italian politics, is *Volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*—an open countenance and close thoughts. * * * Should you be unfortunate enough to have vices, you may, to a certain degree, even dignify them by a strict observance of decorum: at least they will lose something of their natural turpitude. * * * Never run in debt, for it is neither honest nor prudent; but on the contrary, live so far within your annual income as to leave yourself room sufficient for acts of generosity and charity. Give nobly to indigent merit, and do not refuse your charity even to those who have no merit but their misery. Voltaire expresses my thought much better than I can myself."

Repardez vos biensfaits avec magnificence;
Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas;
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnaissance;

Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

Such expense will do you more honour, and give you more pleasure, than the idle profusion of a modish and erudit luxury. These few sheets will be delivered to you by Dr. Dodd at your return from your travels, probably long after I shall be dead; read them with deliberation and reflection, as the tender and last testimonies of my affection for you. They are not the severe and discouraging dictates of an old parent, but the friendly and practicable advice of a sincere friend, who remembers that he has been young himself, and knows the indulgence that is due to youth and inexperience. Yes, I have been young, and a great deal too young. Idle dissipation and innumerable indiscretions, which I am now heartily ashamed and repent of, characterised my youth. But if my advice can make you wiser and better than I was at your age, I hope it may be some little atonement."

The name of the unhappy Dr. Dodd, as the bearer of this good advice, is startling to the ear: why had not he such a monitor, and a mind to listen to him?

To Lord Chesterfield's "Characters" we have for the first time the addition of fragments entitled, "The Mistresses of George the First," Lady Suffolk, and also a sketch of Dr. Arbuthnot, and another of the administration of Lord Bute. The subjoined will be perused with curiosity, as singular courtly and royal pictures of the times, though we have had them formerly painted by several able artists.

"The accession of King George the First to the throne caused a great revolution in the fashionable part of the kingdom. Queen Anne had always been devout, chaste, and formal. * * * But King George the First loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them. No woman came amiss to him, if she were but very willing and very fat. He brought over with him two considerable samples of his bad taste and good stomach, the Duchess of Kendall and the Countess of Darlington; leaving at Hanover, because she happened to be a papist, the Countess of Platen, whose weight and circumference was little inferior to theirs. These standards of his majesty's taste made all those ladies who aspired to his favour, and were near the statutable size, strain and swell themselves, like the frogs in the fable, to rival the bulk and dignity of the ox. Some succeeded, and others burst. The Prince and Princess of Wales, from different motives, equally encouraged and promoted pleasures; he from having a mind to share them, she from policy and a desire of popularity. It cannot be wondered at, then, that pleasures, pent up and in some measure incarcerated during two former reigns, should rush out with impetuosity in this; they did so *quid de la porta*, and every door was willingly open to them. Drawing-rooms every morning at the princess's, and twice a week at night; crowded assemblies every night at some house or other; balls, masquerades, and ridottos, not to mention plays and operas!"

Lady Suffolk's portrait follows:

"Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk) was of a good family of the long robe, the Hobarts. Her figure was above the middle size and well shaped. Her face was not beautiful, but pleasing. Her hair was extremely fair, and remarkably fine. Her arms were square and lean; that is, ugly. Her countenance was an undecided one, and announced neither good nor ill nature, neither sense nor the want of it, neither vivacity nor dulness. She had good natural sense, and not without art, but in her conversation dwelt tediously upon details and *minutiae*. She had married

herself very young, for love, to a most unamiable man, Mr. Howard, a younger brother of an Earl of Suffolk; he was sour, dull, and sullen. How she came to love him, or how he came to love anybody, is unaccountable, unless from a certain fatality which often makes hasty marriages soon attended by long repentance and aversion. Thus they loved, thus they married, and thus they hated each other for the rest of their lives. Their small fortunes were soon spent, and they retired to Hanover before that succession took place. There they were well received, of course, as English; and she, as a well-bred agreeable woman, was declared bed-chamber-woman to the princess, and attended the princess to England in that character, and was lodged at Court. * * * * * Mrs. Howard was now the unrivalled ostensible mistress. The prince passed some hours every day alone with her in her lodgings, and walked with her publicly *tête-à-tête* in the gardens of Richmond and St. James's. But I am persuaded that her private interviews with the prince were (for the reasons above mentioned) as innocent as to the main point as those between him and Mrs. Bellenden had been. * * * * * Thus the affair went on without interruption a gentle travelling pace, till the prince came to the throne, and Mrs. Howard became Countess of Suffolk, by which titles I shall hereafter call them both. In the mean time the busy and speculative politicians of the antechambers, who know every thing, but know every thing wrong, naturally concluded that a lady with whom the king passed so many hours every day must necessarily have some interest with him, and consequently applied to her. Her lodgings grew more and more frequented by busy faces, both of men and women. Solicitations surrounded her, which she did not reject, knowing that the opinion of having power often procures power. Nor did she promise to support them, conscious that she had not the power to do it. But she hesitated inclinations to serve, the difficulties of doing it, and all that trite cant of those who with power will not, and of those who without power cannot, grant the requested favours. To my knowledge she sincerely tried to serve some, but without effect; she could not even procure a place of 200*l.* a year for John Gay, a very poor and honest man, and no bad poet, only because he was a poet, which the king considered as a mechanic! The queen had taken good care that Lady Suffolk's apartment should not lead to power and favour, and from time to time made her feel her inferiority by hindering the king from going to her room for three or four days, representing it as the seat of a political faction."

Of Arbuthnot Lord C. speaks in warm terms of eulogy: *modus eis a nobis* to speak of Arbuthnot

"To great and various erudition he joined an infinite fund of wit and humour, which his friends Pope and Swift were more obliged than they have acknowledged themselves to be. His imagination was almost inexhaustible, and whatever subject he treated, or was consulted upon, he immediately overflowed with all that it could possibly produce. It was at any body's service, for as soon as he was exonerated he did not care what became of it; insomuch that his sons, when young, have frequently made kites of his scattered papers of hints, which would have furnished good matter for folios. Not being in the least jealous of his fame as an author, he would neither take the time nor the trouble of separating the best from the worst; he worked out the whole mine, which afterwards, in the hands of skilful re-

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finers, produced a rich vein of ore. * * * His good understanding could not get the better of some prejudices of his education and country. For he was convinced that he had twice had the second sight, which in Scotch signifies a degree of nocturnal inspiration, but in English only a dream. He was also a Jacobite by prejudice, and a republican by reflection and reasoning. He indulged his palate to excess, I might have said to gluttony, which gave him a gross, plethoric habit of body that was the cause of his death. He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died, not only with the comfort but even the devout assurance of a Christian. By all those who were not much acquainted with him he was considered infinitely below his level; he put no price upon himself, and consequently went at an undervalue, for the world is complaisant or dupe enough to give every man the price he sets upon himself, provided it be not insolently and overbearingly demanded. It turns upon the manner of asking.

These traits are less piquant than some in the account of Lord Bute, which are witty and racy. For example:—

"The Earl of Bute was of an ancient family in Scotland. His name was Stuart; he called himself a descendant of that royal house, and was humble enough to be proud of it. He was, by his mother's side, nephew to John and Archibald, Dukes of Argyle. He married the daughter of Wortley Montague, by Lady Mary Pierrepont, eminent for her parts and her vices. It was a runaway love-match; notwithstanding which, they lived very happily together. She proved a very good wife, and did in no way *matrizerare*. He proved a great husband, and had thirteen or fourteen children successively by her, in as little time as was absolutely necessary for their being got and born, though he married her without a shilling, and without a reasonable probability of her ever having two; for she had a brother, who is still alive. She proved an immense fortune by the death of her father and mother, who, disinheritting their son, left her five or six hundred thousand pounds. Lord Bute and she had lived eight or nine years in a frugal and prudent manner in the island of Bute, which was entirely his own property, and but a little south of Nova Zembla. There he applied himself to the study of agriculture, botany, and architecture—the employments rather of an industrious than of an elevated mind. From thence he came to town, five or six years before the death of the late Frederick Prince of Wales, to whom he wholly attached himself. He soon got to be at the head of the pleasures of that little idle, frivolous, and dissipated court. He was the intendant of balls, the *Coryphaeus* of plays, in which he acted himself, and so grew into a sort of a favourite of that merry prince. The *Scandalous Chronicle* says, that he was still a greater favourite of the Princess of Wales: I will not, nor cannot, decide upon that fact. It is certain, on one hand, that there were many very strong indications of the tenderest connexion between them; but on the other hand, when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs, the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which make them often be unjustly suspected, and the improbability of knowing exactly what passes in *têtes-à-têtes*, one is reduced to mere conjectures. Those

who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection. When Frederick Prince of Wales died, and the present King George the Third became immediate heir to the crown, Lord Bute very prudently attached himself wholly to him—not only with the approbation, but I believe at the request, of the Princess Dowager. In this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine wishes. He entirely engrossed not only the affections, but even the senses of the young prince, who seemed to have made a total surrender of them all to Lord Bute."

The political sketch is too long for our page; but it is well worthy of the talent of the writer, and the consideration of every reader.

The third volume is full of miscellaneous letters, chronologically disposed, and thus rendered more effective. Negotiations, personal concerns, applications for honours or favours, and friendly communications, afford them a most agreeable and instructive diversity. Of his Dutch treating at one time his lordship writes from the Hague:—“Arguments have little weight in the present anarchy, and, without returning any, their answer is, they can't because they can't, or they won't because they won't.”

Lord Chesterfield's lord-lieutenancy in Ireland is justly described by the editor as the most brilliant and important epoch in his life; and it is to be regretted that so little of his correspondence relating to it has come to light. We can only transcribe one example from a private letter to the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, March 11, 1746:

“The new barrack patent is a thing of absolute necessity for his majesty's military service here. I should be a great deal too tedious if I were to state to your grace a tenth part of that affair. I will therefore only say, that this new patent, together with some other regulations I am making here, is the only probable method of preventing for the future the enormous abuses of the Barrack Board. The Dublin Society is really a very useful establishment. It consists of many considerable people, and has been kept up hitherto by voluntary subscriptions. They give premiums for the improvement of lands, for plantations, for manufactures. They furnish many materials for those improvements in the poorer and less cultivated parts of this kingdom, and have certainly done a great deal of good. The bounty they apply for to his majesty is five hundred pounds a year, which, in my humble opinion, would be properly bestowed; but I entirely submit it. As to the applications of the Earls of Cavan* and Rosse,† and Lord Mayo,‡ all I can say for them is, that they have nothing of their own—that they are part of the furniture of this House of Lords, which, if his majesty thinks proper to put in a little better repair, he will at the same time do a real act of compassion. The few small pensions are too trifling to mention: they are the usual charities of the government, and at the same time lay some obligations upon more considerable people who solicit them; and the establishment can very well bear them.”

The fourth volume is similar to the third; and we heartily recommend it for its wit, intelligence, and information; being obliged, however, to content ourselves with a single quotation, which, though addressed (through Mr. Dayrolles) to another class of people, may be advantageously pondered over by critics.

* Ford Lambart, fifth Earl of Cavan.

† Richard Parsons, second Earl of Rosse.

‡ Theobald Bourke, seventh Viscount Mayo.

“You fine gentlemen (says Lord C.), who have never committed the sin or the folly of scribbling, think that all those who have can do it again whenever they please, but you are much mistaken: the pen has not only its moments, but its hours, its days of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will than other things have been since the fall. Unsuccessful and ineffectual attempts are in both cases alike disagreeable and disgraceful.”

Petrie's Inquiry into the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, &c. &c. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

THIS volume comes out in a double character: it appears as the 20th volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, and is also published separately by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, of Dublin. It is admirably got up, being printed at the university press, and is a very creditable specimen of their typography. The wood-engravings, by Hanlon, are beautifully executed. Mr. Petrie, in his preface to the 20th volume of the *Transactions*,—for there is a different preface to the separate publication,—says:

“The work of which the first volume is now submitted to the public was originally written for, and presented to, the Royal Irish Academy, as an essay on the origin and uses of the round towers of Ireland; and that essay was so fortunate as to obtain a gold medal and a prize of 50*l.* from the Academy in 1833 (17 Dec. 1832). It may, however, be proper to state that, in its present form, the work contains not only an essay on the round towers, very much enlarged, but also distinct essays on our ancient stone churches and other ecclesiastical buildings of contemporaneous age with the round towers, now first submitted to the Academy, and for the approval of which that distinguished body is in no way committed.”

The council of the Academy, on the 7th April, 1845, passed the following resolutions:

“That the volume which has been printed by Mr. Petrie, as the 20th volume of the *Transactions*, be received as such; and though it cannot be regarded as a complete work, that, nevertheless, the council recommend that it be taken as acquitting Mr. Petrie of his engagements to the Academy. It was also resolved, that with reference to Mr. Petrie's proposal to publish a second volume in continuation of the same terms, the council do not recommend its adoption.”

On the 13th of April the Academy confirmed these resolutions; and this volume, although admitted to be an imperfect work, stands as the 20th volume of their *Transactions*, and that distinguished body has committed itself to it as far as it does to any other essay; that is, they do not consider themselves answerable for “any opinion, representation of facts, or train of reasoning therein;” but it may be a question “pour les gens de la robe,” whether, if a libel be published therein, they would not be liable to answer as publishers?”

Mr. Petrie in his preface says, with complacency and self-approbation:

“For the object which this work is intended to effect, as well as the spirit in which it is conducted, I trust I may lay claim to some praise, the pursuit of truth being never lost sight of.”

Promising thus much of its history, we must say we have seldom seen a work written in a spirit more discreditable and offensive. Mr. Petrie has reduced himself to a level with the old hedge-school, ill-educated, Irish philomathes, who consider abuse to be argument, and

vulgar scurrility a strong and justifiable weapon. He is one who makes a personal quarrel with every man who ventures to express an opinion different from his own, even upon a question of Irish antiquities. And he runs his muck accordingly—like his drunken countrymen in a faction-fight or fair, he hits all heads within his reach, and seems to fancy that a knock at others elevates himself. But lest we should be thought to exaggerate, we will allow him to speak for himself.

Of the late Rev. Charles O'Conor, D.D., brother to the late, and uncle to the present O'Conor Don, one of the most amiable and inoffensive as well as learned men of his day, he says: "That Dr. O'Conor himself knew he was attempting an imposition on his readers, by giving a different meaning of Colgan's words, would almost appear certain from our finding him elsewhere actually falsifying the text of this very passage in Colgan to support his hypothesis," p. 56. He calls this combating Dr. O'Conor's opinions: "I have combated his opinions because the sacred cause of truth required the contest," p. 67.

Of another Rev. Doctor of Divinity—probably to shew his impartiality between the Roman Catholic O'Conor and the Protestant Ledwich—he declares:—"No one could have written this but a person desirous of supporting an erroneous hypothesis by false assertions," p. 12. "Nothing but its artfulness can exceed the audacious mendacity of the foregoing passage," ibid.

Of General Vallancey he says:—"He has most shamefully garbled and falsified the text of that writer" (Cormac), p. 29. "The passages in Jurieu's 'Critical History of the Church,' on which this mendacious statement are founded, are given in Vallancey, in the fourth volume of the 'Collectanea,' who enjoyed a triumph in exposing the dishonesty of his former literary associate," "Mr. Beaumont, another English antiquary," p. 32.

Of Harris, the editor of Ware's *Antiquities*:—"In this place Harris has not dealt fairly with his readers. This he must have known to have been contrary to the fact," p. 112.

Of Dr. Smith, the historian of Cork, Kerry, &c. :—"In the preceding passage" "there is but one assertion which has any foundation in truth," p. 116.

The same temper pervades the whole volume, from which we might extract examples enough to fill pages. Whatever may have been the want of judgment, learning, or incapacity of these writers, they have hitherto been considered well-meaning, and actuated by a desire to ascertain the truth. Persons must have a great affection for falsehood who will lie for the purpose of establishing an abstract antiquarian proposition; and we must observe that these gentlemen were certainly above Mr. Petrie's standard in gentlemanly feeling, as well as rightmindedness.

But is Mr. Petrie's affection for the *sacred cause of truth* above suspicion? Is he careful to avoid making statements which, if not *egregious blunders*, must be *wilful misrepresentations and mendacious statements*? We were not a little startled at reading the following passages:—

"The only remaining hypothesis of those referring the round towers to a pagan use—namely, their having been *Phalli* or *Priapeia Tempa*—is happily so absurd, and at the same time so utterly unsupported by authority or evidence worthy of reputation, that I gladly pass it by without further notice, even though it has found a zealous supporter in the person of Sir William Betham since these pages were originally written and read to the Academy, and

who consequently was acquainted with their contents," p. 108.

Again:—"And lastly, that the evidences and arguments tendered in support of this theory by Vallancey and his followers—excepting those of the late Mr. O'Brien and Sir William Betham, which I have not thought worthy of notice—have been proved to be of no weight or importance," p. 356.

We recollect that Sir William Betham had devoted a chapter of his *Etruria Celtaica* to the subject of the round towers; and our impression was, that he had considered them to be *sepulchral monuments*, and that he had treated Mr. O'Brien's work as the production of an unsound mind, and had charged Mr. O'Brien with total ignorance of the true character of Buddhism.* We were therefore the more startled at finding him charged with being a *zealous supporter of Mr. O'Brien's theory*, which we thought he had condemned in most unqualified terms. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we again referred to the second volume of the *Etruria Celtaica*, where, in pages 31 and 192, we find the following passages:—

"O'Connor's *Chronicles of Eri* are a similar fraud; and yet from such a work, with Dr. Villanueva's Phoenician Ireland, and O'Brien's Round Towers, Dr. Gesenius judges of the pretensions of the Irish language to affinity with the Punic. Dr. Villanueva, from his ignorance of the Irish history and language, was involved in the most absurd blunders, and poor O'Brien was insane."—*Etruria Celtaica*, ii. p. 31.

Again:—"The opinion propounded in Mr. O'Brien's *abominable book*, as it is styled in the *Quarterly Review*, is entirely grounded on the solitary circumstance of the Irish word *bot*, signifying a phallus. His ignorance of the localities as well as the doctrines of Buddhism was extreme; he talks of Persian Buddhists, whereas it does not appear that the name of Buddha was even known in that country. Much allowance should, however, be made for that unfortunate young man, who undoubtedly laboured under aberration of mind, and died suddenly, it is believed, from a disordered brain. His book throughout exhibits evidence of a crazed intellect. Buddhism is not the worship of the phallus, or in any degree obscene."—*Etruria Celtaica*, ii. p. 192.

Mr. Petrie has here made a *careless and unaccountable blunder* or a *wilful misrepresentation*, and he alone must decide which; in either case his assertions and affected anxiety for truth may be justly questioned. But he never suffers an opportunity to pass without making a fling or sneer at Sir William Betham; and we are sorry to say this ebullition of personal animosity has been allowed to disfigure, and we may add disgrace, the pages of two of our leading magazines, in articles of satirical abuse and vituperation against that gentleman. The cause of this animosity and injustice is easily accounted for. Sir William is a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and has been urging Mr. Petrie to publish in its transactions this essay on the *Round Towers*, and also an essay on *Military Architectural Antiquities in Ireland*, to which a similar reward was adjudged in 1834; and also an essay on *Ancient Irish Bells*, read about 1833; neither of the two last have been yet published, although they are both often quoted in this volume:—*Hinc illa lachryma*. A controversy on this subject has been going on for many years in that learned body, and pamphlets have been printed on both sides and extensively distributed.

* See *Lit. Gazette* review *passim*.

We have felt it right to express our dissatisfaction and unqualified condemnation at the *animus* exhibited by the author. In our progress we shall have a more pleasing task, for we are free to admit that Mr. Petrie has brought to light a mass of most interesting facts illustrative of Irish history and antiquities, which we confess have surprised us, and added a dignity and character to the history of Ireland, which, although always claimed, the remains of works of art and architectural buildings on its surface have never before been so clearly made to appear and justify.

We now proceed to examine what he has done to settle this *questio vexata* of the origin and use of the round towers. The following will explain what he undertakes to establish:

I. That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods, between the 5th and 13th centuries. II. That they were designed to answer at least a twofold use; namely, to serve as belfries and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, reliques, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged, could retire for security, in cases of sudden predatory attack. III. That they were *probably* also used, when occasion required, as beacons, or watch-towers," pp. 4, 5.

For the first conclusion, that they are of Christian origin,—

"1. The towers are never found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. 2. Their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the *original* churches with which they are locally connected, where such remain. 3. On several of them Christian emblems are observable, and others display in the details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to be of Christian origin. 4. They possess invariably architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times.

"That they were intended to serve the double purpose of belfries and keeps, or castles. 1. Their architectural construction, as will appear, eminently favours this conclusion. 2. A variety of passages, extracted from our ancient annals, and other authentic documents, will prove that they were constantly applied to both these purposes.

"That they may have also been occasionally used as beacons and watch-towers. 1. There are some historical evidences which render such a hypothesis extremely probable. 2. The necessity which must have existed in early Christian times for such beacons and watch-towers, and the perfect fitness of the round towers to answer such purposes, will strongly support this conclusion."

Mr. Petrie then claims the uniform tradition of the country that they were Christian belfries, and, above all, by authentic evidences, which SHALL be adduced relative to the *erection of several of these towers, with the names and eras of their founders*. He then details the theories which have obtained respecting these towers:—1. That they were erected by the Danes. 2. That they were of Phoenician origin. 3. That they were fire-temples. 4. That they were places from which to proclaim Druidical festivals. 5. That they were gnomons, or astronomical observatories. 6. That they were phallic emblems, or Buddhist temples. 7. That they were anchorite towers, or stylite columns. 8. That they were penitential prisons. 9. That they were belfries. 10. That they were keeps, or monastic castles. 11. That they were beacons and watch-towers.

Mr. Petrie adopts the last three, 9, 10, 11, as his own. He then examines the theories in regular order, and soon disposes of the notion that the Danes had any thing to do with their construction. He then attacks their Phenician, Persian, and Indo-Scythian origin, as if these people were the same.

We shall not follow our author in his comments upon Vallancey, which we think he might have spared.

"Dr. Lanigan, the able author of the 'Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,' who was greatly superior to the old general in solid learning, honesty, and general acuteness." Next comes under consideration Miss Beaufort's "elaborate and valuable essay."

Mr. D'Alton passes in review, and is declared to have mistaken certain Cyclopean forts for round towers. "As I have shewn [?] in my 'Essay on Military Architecture in Ireland,'" "So much for the confident assertions of Mr. D'Alton." Poor Mr. D'Alton!!!

The Rev. Dr. O'Conor is declared "the only formidable supporter of this hypothesis;" that is, that they were fire-towers. Mr. Petrie combats the learned and reverend doctor's reading of a word in a passage in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. O'Conor reads, *Turaghan* — Petrie, *Truaghán*. It may be admitted that the latter is the true reading. But it may also be questioned whether Mr. Petrie gives the correct reasons or cause for the reverend doctor's error; *t* with a *u* over it is the true contraction for *tru*, *t* with an *r* over it *tror*.

It is not necessary for us to follow Mr. Petrie into his pompous and laboured exhibition of learning, our business is with his own achievements: the question is, has he proved the three points he has adopted—were these towers batteries, keeps, and watch-towers? how has he redeemed his pledges? and what has he done to establish his positions?

It is singular that in the enumeration of the uses of these towers, he does not include sepulchres, and yet this idea is the first he combats. His first argument is, that "there were regal cemeteries in various parts of Ireland," and therefore these towers were not sepulchral! We are not aware that it has ever been asserted, that the skeletons found in the towers were those of kings, and therefore Mr. Petrie fights with a shadow of his own creation; and his long extract from the *Scenes na relic* just amounts to *nil*, and does not satisfy any "rational inquirer"—and the stuff about the Dagda proves nothing.

The assertion that *Dowth Knowth and New Grange* were the *tombs* of the *Tuathde Danan race*!! is worth just as much; and "we think" he has adduced not only not sufficient evidence to satisfy the reader, but absolutely none whatever, to prove that the artificial mode of burial in the tower of Ardmore was accidental, or that the towers were not sepulchral.

We do not think it worth while to enter farther into his objections to the opinions of previous writers, which he evidently has failed to disprove. By it we proceed to examine what he has himself done to establish the opinions he has adopted; but this must be reserved for a future *Gazette* or *Gazettes*.

Human Magnetism; its Claims to dispassionate Inquiry: being an Attempt to shew the utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. Newnham, Esq. 8vo, pp. 432. Job Churchill.

MR. NEWNHAM is a new advocate for the ex-

As this essay has not been published, can this be the proper expression?

istence of human magnetism, and a volunteer to the ranks of expounders of a subject of inquiry which has hitherto been lessened in estimation chiefly by its own followers. Contemned by men of science, phenomena of high interest have been handed over by tacit consent to ignorant empirics and traders in the mysterious—and the demand for such appears at the present moment to have grown up in an inverse ratio to the attention given to the subject by persons of philosophical habits. This state of things cannot last long; the time will come when the most skilful and intellectual research will be centred in eliminating the true from the false, and establishing, on the incontrovertible basis of observation and experience, the principles of those physiological phenomena, in which the relations of the senses, of the mind and body, and of one human being to another, are brought into such wonderful antagonism. Mr. Newnham belongs to a certain extent to this class of inquirers, although he does not advance beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. He began, like most others, in being opposed to so-called mesmerism, and was asked by some friends to write a paper against it, in which *a priori* proceeding he was assisted by a person who furnished him with materials which proved uncontestedly, that under some circumstances the operator might be duped,—that hundreds of enlightened persons might equally be deceived; and certainly went far to shew that the pretended science was wholly a delusion; but the intellect of the author of the "Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind" was so tempered by the investigation of abstract truths, that he felt at once that the facts so placed before him only led to the direct proof that certain phenomena might be counterfeited—and the existence of counterfeit coin is rather a proof that there is somewhere the genuine standard gold to be imitated. It is needless to say, that when he investigated the facts with such absence of all prejudice, he soon found amidst much fraud and jugglery, also many valuable truths; to expound which, and the causes why the subject has not been fairly investigated, and the reasons of the opposition and contempt which it has generally to put up with, is the object of the present work.

The sketch of Chardel's views, the considerations on the principle of *energia*—the activism of Mr. Hunt—is a decided step in advance in establishing more intimate relations between the ascertained facts of scientific inquiry and the more mysterious phenomena of human magnetism. And Mr. Newnham is one of the best opponents that have yet appeared in the arena of discussion to those advocates of *cerebration*, and other material explanations of the phenomena of mind, which are as unnecessary to the pursuit of inquiries into the nature of human magnetism, as they are outrageously opposed to a true knowledge of the nature of man.

Letters of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland; selected from the Recueil, &c., by Prince Alexander Labanoff. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by W. Turnbull, Esq., Advocate, &c. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 396. London, C. Dolman.

We approve heartily of this design to give the cream of this important work to the general reader in a form intelligible to all; for though the learned must be more delighted with it in its original language, yet the antique and foreign obscurity of the greater portion of it necessarily excluded very many from its satisfactory perusal. From the date of the Intro-

duction, "The Feast of the Ascension," we presume that the translator is inspired by a religious as well as a literary ardour in behalf of his theme, and therefore that the favourable view of the questions at issue has not lost force in his hands. But indeed, from what we have ourselves said of the publication, it seemed hardly possible to sustain any longer the cruel aspersions upon the character of Mary, or the infamous fabrications so skilfully and unscrupulously resorted to in order to gain them currency and credit. Every human heart must feel for the hapless queen, even when her guilt was partially believed; but when the proof of her innocence is accumulated and made far more credible than the charges against her, the commiseration for her fate is increased a hundredfold. Poor Mary! With barbarous subjects—a people distracted by feuds, rendered more furious by religious distraction—and relatives as merciless as they were subtle and ambitious,—hers was truly a helpless and miserable lot.

Mr. Turnbull, in his Introduction, has supplied a few particulars hitherto unprinted; and a burlesque caricature of Elizabeth dancing, and an engraving of a unique coin of Mary, are added to embellish the publication.

Scriptural Conversations between Charles and his Mother. By Lady Charles Fitzroy. 12mo, pp. 218. London, Longmans.

A pious and well-meant essay to infuse religious instruction into the youthful mind. Some of the themes are, perhaps, rather subtle for juvenile comprehension or mamma-teaching; but out of the perverse wickedness of the prophet Balaam, and his punishment, her ladyship inculcates moral maxims and historical and geographical annotations from our old divines.

The Heroine of a Week. Pp. 123. London: Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

A FAMILIAR story, in which the application of sound and high principles to the common and daily business of life is enforced. It does not require great events to educe lessons of virtue; but the inmate of the humble dwelling may practise self-denial, the love of kind, and the golden rule, as effectually as monarchs on the throne or the most elevated of human kind.

Dawn Island. By Harriet Martineau. Pp. 94. A TALE written for the National Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar; and perhaps under Mesmeric influence. It is an account of a savage island with savage customs; but a merchant-vessel comes, opens a free trade, and there is the finest prospect in the world that every thing will be altered for the better.

The Meteor. No. I. London, Westerton. A ROMANCE according to the established practice—lots of puns under the title of Kitchen-correspondence, alias stuff—a pleasant historical ramble to Hever Castle—and other miscellaneous matters—appear in this new cheapness.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, May 17, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: Sittings of 5th and 12th May.—M. Pelouze announced that M. Redtenbacher, one of Liebig's pupils, had submitted taurine (the biliary asparagine of Gmelin) to a new analysis, and had found in this substance 26 per cent of sulphur. Hitherto chemists have had no idea that sulphur existed in taurine; they had stated its formula as $C_4H_7AzO_10$.

M. Lund writes from Brazil that he has explored there 800 calcareous caverns with fossil bones, and that in six of them he met with

human bones, the most part of which, judging from their external appearance, belonged to a very remote period. They were rarely combined with bones of animals to assist in regard to time. One cavern, however, presented an exception to this, and M. Lund says: "We found there, by the side of human bones, bones of animals belonging to different species either still existing or already extinct. Yet a geological indication, indispensable to fix the relative age of these remains, failed us, since the objects discovered were not found in their primitive bed." The examination of this cavern has led M. Lund to draw the following conclusions: 1st. The establishment of the human race in South America dates back not only beyond the epoch of the discovery of this part of the world, but very far into historic times, probably even into the geologic periods, since several species of animals seem to have disappeared from the ranks of creation after the appearance of man in this hemisphere. 2dly, The human race that lived in this part of the world in remotest time was, as to its general type, the same that inhabited it when it was discovered by Europeans. These views oppose the opinion that the "New World" was inhabited by races from the "Old World," and that the South Americans were a variety of the Mongolian race. M. Lund seems to consider America the older world, both in regard to geological time and human existence.

M. Lassaigne's researches on the saliva of mammals, man and the horse, contradict the opinion of Mialhe recently announced. They go to prove that saliva in the process of digestion plays no other part than the moistening of the food and the dissolution of some of its principles naturally soluble in water.

M. Deville submitted a note on the loss of density in rocks when they pass from the crystalline to the vitreous state. Several experiments on igneous rocks, and comparisons of their densities with those of the glass resulting from their fusion, give 0.04 as a mean loss of specific weight.

M. Gaffard presented a memoir on the means of rendering common clays refractory. Those earths which most resist the action of high temperatures consist of silica and alumina in a state of purity; the presence of the least quantities of certain bases—potash, soda, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, manganese, &c.—renders them fusible. The problem then is, to deprive them of these bases; and the methods proposed by the author are:—1st, For earths containing besides silica and alumina, hydrates or carbonates of potash or soda, ordinary washing out; 2d, For those containing insoluble carbonates of lime, magnesia, iron, or hydrates of lime, and manganese, treatment with chlorhydric acid and heat, and then washing out the chlorides; 3d, Similar treatment of those containing perhydrates of iron or manganese, but using sulphuric acid, and separating the sulphates by repeated washings; and 4th, When more than one of these bases are in union with the silica and alumina, successive operations appropriate to each.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—An interesting report was addressed not long since to the Comité Historique on the medieval monuments of Burgundy. Among other points noticed was, the condition of the walls of Beaune, some of the most perfect remains of the middle ages in the east of France. The circuit of the walls round the town is nearly complete, and the effect of these venerable ramparts is exceedingly good; nevertheless the town-council of the place would willingly pull them all down,

not because they are in the way, but merely because they do not consider them to be of any use; and were it not for the ditch of the town having been turned into gardens, and become the property of numerous individuals, who would be sufferers by the demolition, this work of vandalism would have been long since accomplished. Not one, however, of the ancient gateways of the town has been left untouched. The gateway of the castle, built in 1502, by the father of Louis de la Tremoille, was pulled down in 1829, and replaced by a barrier in wood; another has also been lately destroyed. One of the curtains was recently threatened with demolition in order that a new gateway might be built, and the old one of St. Martin removed. The major part of the walls are of the 11th century, but they were much repaired, at the end of the 14th, by Philip the Bold. Two of the towers which still remain are of the 12th century. They are round, and have narrow loopholes, with conical roofs; two other towers large and round, five pentagonal bastions, and six spherical curtains, are of the time of Louis XII., built by La Tremoille, and having the stones of their faces cut into diamond-shaped projections. All the curtains of the castle are cut into diamond-shaped projections of the same kind, and the care which the engineers of that date took to ornament their military constructions is worthy of note. The fashion of so doing, as in the present instance, might have been introduced by La Tremoille from Italy, where he had conquered the Milanese. On the buttresses of the castle-gateway are still to be seen armorial bearings, such as the wheel of the Tremoilles; a porcupine crowned; and the escutcheon of France. The letter A, the monogram of Anne of Brittany, occurs between two ermine tails, and the letter L with a crown upon it, being the monogram of the king, her consort. On the outer side of the great gateway are three cordons in stone, placed above each other; the lower one bears 56 wheels of the Tremoilles, the middle one 29 porcupines, and the upper one 25 crowned L's. Various other bearings and enrichments occur at other spots.—In the arrondissement of Beaune, there still remain several old castles in good preservation; such as Châteauneuf built by Philippe Pot, speaker of the nobles in the states general of 1484; Charnay; the Donjon of Cor-a-beuf; together with the ruins of Marigny and Rochepot. Altogether this part of Burgundy is well worthy of a careful visit from the antiquary and the historian.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 14.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. J. Weldon, St. John's College (incorporated from St. John's College, Cambridge), Rev. J. U. Robson, Magdalen Hall, Rev. W. L. Collett, Queen's College, R. Blayney, Exeter College, Rev. J. H. Bushnell, Worcester College, grand compounders; Rev. T. H. Ravenhill, W. S. Vale, Worcester College; Rev. W. H. Jones, Queen's College; Rev. F. T. MacDougall, Rev. F. W. Vaux, Rev. T. Helmore, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. B. Hole, Exeter College; Rev. R. Weatherell, St. Edmund's Hall; Rev. S. W. Stevenson, St. Mary's Hall; Rev. F. Kenney, Christ Church College; Rev. B. Belcher, Wadham College; Rev. W. Bushnell, University College; C. E. L. Wightman, Rev. W. Bousfield, fellow, Rev. G. M. Houghton, Lincoln College; H. Fort, Balliol College; Rev. P. S. Ashworth, St. Alban's Hall; C. G. Price, Jesus College; V. G. Driffield, scholar of Brasenose College; G. F. de Teissier, scholar of Corpus Christi College; Rev. H. E. Pettman, Trinity College; Rev. T. Pantin, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. T. Ebsworth, E. Littlestone, J. L. Johnson, St. Edmund's Hall; J. J. G. Graham, Queen's College; E. B. Mynors, St. Mary Hall; J. H.

Thompson, W. de Porre, Magdalen Hall; J. H. Bainbridge, Wadham College; T. B. Ludlow, Christ Church College; H. A. Douglas, C. Tufnel, Balliol College; C. J. Stuart, A. W. Mountain, University College; G. Jebb, Lincoln College; H. Hayman, fellow of St. John's College; C. G. Gambier, T. A. Walker, G. Pardee, St. John's College; A. W. Green, W. Browne, P. Smith, W. Johnston, Trinity College; T. Hughes, W. Buckle, Oriel College; F. W. Peet, Worcester College; D. Price, C. Chambers, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 7.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—J. R. Hutchinson, M.A., fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Hon. G. Denman, H. Mansfield, C. J. Webb, W. Newbold, Trinity College; W. B. Brett, E. W. Montagu, Caius College; J. Fenwick, fellow, R. Surtees, Corpus Christi College; T. Bennett, Queen's College; J. M. Ridley, Jesus College.

Bachelors in the Civil Law.—J. Blencowe, Christ's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. B. Ewart, Trinity College; M. Manley, H. T. Veness, Queen's College; J. B. Vale, Emmanuel College.

M.A. ad eundem.—W. D. Jackson, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford; W. Scott, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL RUMPUTER.

We congratulate ourselves on having retreated somewhat timeously from this offensive dispute, into which so much of personality has at length made its way, or rather, been at last openly allowed to explode by the publication of several letters on one side, that the cause of literature and science is merged in the charge of pecuniary misappropriation and ungentlemanly conduct. The accusation amounts to this—that certain members who had subscribed to the Association before the rupture, wishing to adhere to the party of Mr. Way and the British Museum, had recalled the amounts of their subscriptions from the original fund, in order to transfer them to the side they had taken, and that their request had been refused by the Central Committee on the ground that, if granted, it would be a confession of their illegality, and stultify all their proceeding. To impute any personal motive or interest to the president or any members of that committee would be too gross to enter any mind, however base or suspicious; and the question therefore resolves itself into one of a general character: could, or ought, the requisitions referred to be complied with or not? were the committee at liberty to divert any portion of their trust to those whom they had repudiated as a faction, actively engaged in destroying every object and purpose of the Association? They must first consider the right or propriety of the individual subscriber to call upon them to commit themselves to a suicidal act declaratory of their illegitimacy, after a numerous meeting had confirmed them in the government; and hand over to a section—which, however respectable in private life, had yet assumed no public position—a division of the aggregate amount supplied before this unfortunate schism. They have determined, on broad principles, that it would be a misapplication of their duty to sanction such a measure. Mr. Hardwick's subscription of £1 was sent, on the 8th of January, to the then and now treasurer of the General Meeting was held on the 5th of March. Mr. Hailstone (whose complaints are about as stormy as his name) is indignant at not being classed among the associates of 1845, his £1 having been subscribed in 1844. The explanation of this afforded to us is, that he paid it to Mr. Way; but, owing to the absence or occupation of that gentleman, it was not paid in to the treasurer till the 8th of January, 1845, (together with the subscriptions of Sir J. Boileau and Dr. Jephson), and could hardly, therefore, appear in a list previously issued. The other seceder, the Rev. Mr. Freer, subscribed on the

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1st of January, 1845; and after perusing the Report of the General Meeting of March 5, together with a copy of the resolutions and the names and constitution of the Central Committee there elected, absolutely wrote to the treasurer to ascertain whether, on the payment of £1. 10s. additional, he should become a Life-Associate; and upon being informed he might, he did so subscribe. It must surely have required more than their common industry and persuasion in the opposite party to have induced this gentleman not only to retire from those he had joined, but to lend himself to be one of their accusers.

After all, it seems to us that this rule, though cunningly enough devised and got to be countenanced by such worthy names as Philip Hardwick, &c., has been justly and judiciously defeated. At the next meeting, every item of account must be submitted to public scrutiny and close auditing; every farthing expended must have been disbursed for the advancement of the Association; and any insinuation in the mean while against the Central Committee they may well, as a body or in

Since writing and printing the foregoing, we have received the communication which we annexed. It strengthens us in the view we have taken, and, indeed, so nearly repeats our own statement and argument that it might be supposed to have been a common production. Not being so, and (besides stating other particulars of ananswering bearing on the issue) putting, as we think, some of the points more forcibly than we have done, even at the risk of some repetition, we have deemed it expedient to insert it here. And lest our readers might suppose that we are, or have been, attaching too much consequence to this grievous quarrel, we ought to inform those unacquainted with the fact, that the venom is spreading into other quarters, and that several of our national societies have already been turned from their literary and scientific pursuits, to become the fields for similar wrangling, disturbance, and individual hostilities. There is no saying where the evil is to stop. The Society of Antiquaries, and the Numismatic Society have caught the plague-spot, and are now bitterly agitated by the spreading contagion.

The following are the notes of our correspondents as to what is to be done.

Mr. Philip Hardwick.—This gentleman gave as a donation £1. to the British Archaeological Association on the 3d of January 1845, and on the 17th of March, more than two months afterwards, applies to have it returned to him on the plea that Mr. Pettigrew has retired from the British Archaeological Association, and endeavoured to form a new society. Now it must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that if the general meeting of the 5th of March was a valid meeting, Mr. Hardwick has no claim whatever, and that neither Mr. Pettigrew nor the central committee elected at that meeting could, without stultifying their own proceedings, and betraying the trust reposed in them by the members who voted on that occasion, return money which had been subscribed not to this individual nor the other, but to a certain Association, to the account of which it had been carried more than two months previous to the division, in the common funds of which it had merged, and from the balance of which, upon the 17th of March, no man of business will pretend to say it could be extracted.

Mr. Hardwick certainly did not pay the money by mistake, for he paid it to the trea-

surer of the Association he wished to support in January 1845. "Mr. Pettigrew and his friends" do not "retain it in error," unless the general meeting of the 5th of March is invalid, a question upon which the opinion of even Mr. Hardwick himself can be considered decisive.

Mr. Hallstone.—This gentleman is placed in the same position, with this difference in favour of Mr. Pettigrew, that although Mr. Hallstone paid *5*l.** previous to October 1844, it was not paid to the account of the Association until the 8th of January, 1845. Were the writer of this notice capable of such conduct, this no doubt unintentional neglect of the gentleman who received that subscription might be made as strong a charge, until it was explained, as any which has yet been brought against his opponent.

Rev. Mr. Freer.—This gentleman subscribed 5*l.* to the B. A. A. Jan. 1, 1845. After the general meeting of the 5th of March, information of that meeting, and of the resolutions passed at it—containing, amongst others, the one reconstituting the committee—was forwarded to Mr. Freer in due course by the secretary, with a letter calling his attention to the subject, and requiring to know in what class he would wish his name to be inserted. To this letter Mr. Freer replied, requesting to know if the payment of an additional 5*l.* 10*s.* would enable him to be classed as a life-associate. He was answered in the affirmative and on the 19th of March he sent his money. Can this gentleman now say he sent it by mistake? "Hie jacet" the Rev. Mr. Freer.

The Earl of Carnarvon.—It is perfectly true that this nobleman subscribed 10*l.* to the B. A. A. immediately before the outbreak of these unhappy dissensions; but what is equally true, though it has been carefully suppressed, is, that after that outbreak, Mr. Crofton Croker, having, from circumstances not the most creditable to the other party, imagined that his lordship might have been misled, requested an interview with the earl, tendered him back the money in the name of the committee, and was most kindly and cordially desired by his lordship to retain it.

Other persons who have since been assiduously canvassed and won over to adhere to the seceders, were subscribers to the central committee after the separation was notorious, and some of them even after the general meeting. That meeting took place, and the new staff was elected, on the 5th of March; and it was on the 11th that Mr. Hartshorne, on the 14th that Dr. Morris, on the 19th that the Dean of Durham and Mr. Vincent, and on the 21st that Lord Adare, communicated with its treasurer or secretaries.

67- With regard to the later proceedings of this Committee, to which, considering it to be the legal authority and most competent organ for the direction of the Association, we have subscribed as an Associate, we are gratified to announce that the annual meeting, which was appointed to take place at Winchester (as stated early in the year), is now fixed for the 4th of next August, to last for a week; and that all the previous preparations necessary to secure a successful campaign as that at Canterbury are now complete, and promise very interesting archaeological results. The papers and antiquities to be exhibited, most of them by the same members who contributed so much to the *Salter of Canterbury*, and to the value of past publications, are, we are assured, of sterling worth; and several antiquarian discoveries of importance are reserved for production on this occasion. -

Ed. L. G. — The author of the paper on the occasion of the opening of the new hall at the College of New Haven, in New Haven, Conn., on Oct. 10, 1858.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

May 17th.—Twenty-second anniversary-meet-

ing. Sir H. Willock in the chair. The annual report began by a statement of elections, deaths, and retirements; and shewed an increase in the number of members. A succinct account of the late vice-president, Sir Gore Ouseley, was read, alluding to his eminence as an Oriental scholar and diplomatist, and lamenting his decease as an amiable and accomplished gentleman. It was also stated, that a memoir of his life and services was preparing for publication. This was followed by a notice of J. Guillemand, Esq., a gentleman of great literary and scientific attainments, and one of the earliest members of the society. The labours of Dr. Malcolmson, whose untimely death from jungle-fever in the north-west of India has been noticed in every publication devoted to science, were next reviewed, and a memoir of his life read. An interesting account followed of another martyr to science, Mr. Griffith, who died at a very early age in February last, devoting his last breath to the cause in which his life had been spent; this memoir was understood

to be from the pen of the noble president of the society. A notice followed of the interesting additions made to our acquaintance with eastern palaeography, by the transcription of the great inscription of Kapur-di-Ghari, which had been deciphered by Mr. Norris; and by the still more important translation of the Bihiliarian inscriptions, by Major Rawlinson, which had recently been received from Bagdad, and would be published in a future Journal. Another donation of 100*l.* to the funds of the society, by the late treasurer, was next adverted to, as well as the wish of that gentleman that one-half of that sum should be devoted to the purchase of books for extending the library. The report went on to mention some of the more interesting and valuable additions to the library that had been made since the last anniversary. The recommendation of the council, that Sir Edward Ryan should be elected to fill the vacancy in the vice-presidency occasioned by the death of the lamented Sir Gore Ouseley formed the next subject of the report. This was followed by the report of the Oriental Translation Committee.

tee, which began with lamenting the death of the chairman, Sir Gore Ouseley, and stated that they were about to publish an interesting work on Persian literary biography, which that distinguished Oriental scholar was actively employed in preparing for the press at the period of his decease. The works recently printed at the expense of the committee, and those preparing for publication, were then noticed. Among the latter is an extensive collection of biographies of Persian poets, by N. Bland, Esq., and a translation from the Arabic, by the Rev. W. Cureton, of "The Book of Religious and Philosophical Sects," by Sharastani, a Mahomedan writer of the twelfth century. It was remarked that this translation will form a fine companion to that curious and instructive book, the *Dabistan*, or "School of Sects," printed last year by the committee. A list of works in the course of publication by the Oriental Text-Society was next given. It included the *Makzan-al-Israr*, edited by N. Bland, Esq.; the *Yusuf and Zuleikha*, of *Firdus*, edited by W. H. Morley, Esq.; the *Sharastani*, edited by the Rev. W. Cureton; and the *Dasa Kumara Charita*, edited by Prof. Wilson.—The report of the auditors was then read, giving an account of the receipts and expenditure of the past year, and an estimate for the present year.

A ballot then took place for new members of council and officers of the society, and the

result declared as follows:—Sir E. Ryan was elected vice-president, the remaining officers were re-elected, and the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected into the council in lieu of those who go out by rotation, and to fill up the vacancy caused by the election of Sir E. Ryan to the vice-presidency:—The Earl of Powis; Lord Viscount Jocelyn; Lord Francis Egerton; Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart.; Gen. Briggs; Gen. Caulfeild; J. Ferguson, Esq.; Capt. W. J. Eastwick; and G. W. Anderson, Esq.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical (annual meeting), 1 p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7 p.m.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8 p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.; Geological, 8 p.m.; Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.

Thursday.—Royal, 8 p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion), 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

FROM the best information we can obtain relating to the insurrection in this national establishment, it appears to us that the refractory pupils have taken it into their heads that they ought to be masters, and (like the precocious child who wanted to teach its grandmother to suck eggs) that it is their proper task to instruct those who have been chosen to instruct them. With the appointment and retirement of Mr. Dyce, or with the election of Mr. Wilson, we shall not meddle; for the gist of the question does not lie with persons, but with the broad fact of the purposes for which the institution was formed. Was it projected to be an Industrial school? or a second Royal Academy of Fine Arts? Was it to cultivate Designing for the improvement of our manufactures, &c.? or was it to educate painters and sculptors? Of the latter we have too many already; of the former far too few; and thus it was felt that in many commercial products, notwithstanding our capital and enterprise, we were driven out of the market by foreign competition. As we understood the matter, it was to provide a remedy for this that Somerset House was appropriated, and a sum of money voted by the legislature. But the pupils think otherwise. It is much more agreeable to follow Mr. Herbert in drawings from the human figure and picture-painting, than to labour on arabesques and patterns. The former looks high and dignified; the latter low and mechanical! There are no M. Angelos or Raphaels in the sphere of carpets, cotton-goods, silks, or Sheffield-ware. But we are not going so far as to say that we would not applaud an ambition to be eminent in the superior departments of talent applied to beautify and exalt the useful. On the contrary, we do not forget that M. Angelo painted ceilings, and Raphael made cartoons for tapestry. But this is the end, and not the beginning. Look at the chasing and similar works of English hands, even the sign-posts, of from sixty to eighty years ago, and we can see examples of genius not indisposed to combine the ornamental demand for common articles with great efforts of the noblest class; but these very exceptions prove the rule, and the rule undeniably is to train the students in the School of Design generally to become proficients in the arts of embellishment, invention, and combination for adding beauty and value to our domestic and mercantile products. Original genius for

the fine arts (what is strictly understood by that name) may start out of the mass and shine in the other pursuit; but to entertain the idea of educating the whole body, as if to prepare them for that line, is most preposterous. More honour as well as more profit, they may rest assured, is before them in the less dazzling career.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 292. "A Scene in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-Room, in 1748." E. M. Ward.—This well-costumed and well-expressed picture might save a critic from the trouble of some observations on the new edition of Chesterfield, reviewed in a preceding page. It represents Dr. Johnson as a neglected hanger-on in the ante-room of the pseudo-patron, whom he held up to everlasting reproach in the dedication of his Dictionary. It represents the learned and worthy submitting in silent moodiness, whilst the frivolous and vain are rejoicing in the sunshine of smiles. His lordship, in the most fashionable attire, represents Mecenas exactly as he did in life. The group is highly dramatic, and the attitudes and countenances of the parties justly conceived and cleverly painted. Of its *genre* we deem this one of the most lasting attractions in the gallery.

No. 318. "A place to remember." T. Creswick, A.—With Nos. 61, 301, 254, and 585, all sweet specimens of the artist's feeling for the beauties of nature, this is the most striking of his productions in the present year. It is truly a landscape to remember, for its picturesque and poetical merits.

No. 325. "Sabina." W. E. Frost.—An exceedingly graceful performance, whose chief fault is, that it is too close an imitation of a justly celebrated contemporary artist.

No. 333. "Cologne from the South." E. W. Cooke.—Mr. Cooke has not studied Canaletti in vain. This comes as near him, nearly, as Guarda himself. No. 365, "Coblenz," &c., is another excellent performance. The objects are in the highest degree picturesque, and the transparency of the water and atmospheric effects touched with a masterly pencil.

No. 360. "A Dame's School." T. Webster, A.—No artist ever portrayed school-scenes and urchin-life in a manner superior to Mr. Webster. The unruly brats are here exhibited in every variety of characteristic mischief, with a salutary ingredient of characteristic chastisement. The dame and her pupils are alike perfect: the poet Shenstone is on the canvass, and enlarged and diversified by the talent of the painter. When we look at the prices paid for his former pictures of the same class at the recent sale at Messrs. Christie and Mansons', we may congratulate the connoisseur who is lucky enough to draw the present prize.

No. 361, "Le Bon Curé," F. Goodall, is another instance of excellence in this branch of art. Yet we do not think Mr. Goodall has advanced in the "Bon Curé," though there is much of truth in the figures and talent in the execution. Putting it, however, together with No. 553, "Conemara Market-girls bathing their Feet before entering the Town," a lively and thoroughly Irish group; we must suggest that something of the same national features pervades both, though the one is, or ought to be, French, and the other is Hibernian. Yet it is invidious to find a fault with two such engaging subjects. Of their kind, there are few of the present day to compare with the efforts of this young and very rising artist, who has only to paint up to himself to confirm a deservedly high reputation.

No. 394, "Study of a Head;" 605, "Uriel and Satan." B. R. Haydon.—The "Study of a Head" is in the grandest style, and worthy of the foremost name in the Roman school. On the larger design we might write a commentary as long as we can afford for the whole of our critique on the exhibition. As when we speak of Turner, we must speak of Haydon, as an artist by himself; cherishing great ideas, and regardless of opinion, as well knowing that the loudest of it proceeds from ignorance and presumption. Well, then, such a work as this is proclaimed to be extravagant; and the display of muscle and muscular action, no doubt, is more congenial to the French (David) style than to the softer and feebler practice more popular in England. But here we have a sublime impersonation of the sublime of Milton, such as we know not who, except the painter, could produce in our day. He grasps his giant subject with a giant hand; and displays an Angelesque power in the broad and undividing treatment of a theme above that of earthly conventional forms. For such merits we could overlook fifty greater objections than we have heard urged to this noble composition.

No. 579. "The Origin of the Guelph and Ghibelline Faction in Florence." A. Elmore.—At once one of the most poetical and best historical works of the year. It is taken from Sismondi's version of the origin of this sanguinary quarrel, where the Guelph noble Buondelmonte is seduced from his pledge to a Ghibelline bride, to wed a daughter of the house of Donati, and a Guelph. Her mother is lifting her veil to shew him "the wife she has reserved for him," and her dazzling beauty and his enraptured gaze are admirably depicted. The mother's face and action are also exceedingly fine, and the attendant maidens ably contrasted and charmingly grouped, as secondaries in the interesting scene. The whole is warmly and brilliantly coloured, and the costume so judiciously studied as to throw an additional grace over the whole.

No. 424. "The arrival of His Majesty the King of the French in Portsmouth Harbour, October 8th, 1844." J. C. Schetky.—A stirring picture. Men-of-war, French and English, steamers and sailors, together with a squadron of yachts. Shores crowded, flags flying, ships saluting, and "the city authorities of Portsmouth" boating it, "in their red robes," to present their address to the French King. A capital subject for an engraving. No one puts his vessels on the water better than H. M. Marine Painter in Ordinary, Schetky. We have heard that he is too much of the old man-of-war's man in taste to like steamers, but we congratulate him upon having overcome so much of his prejudice as to paint them admirably.

Greek Slave: Sculpture.—A very fine female figure under this title, executed by Powers, an American artist, at Florence, has for the last fortnight been exhibited at Messrs. Graves and Co. It is a charming work, and reflects high honour on the artist. The form is nude, as if exposed to view in the slave-market; and there is a sweet natural sense of shame both in the countenance and attitude. The head is altogether good, and well poised, with an averted look on the neck and chest. The bosom is youthful, but full, and the whole of the body and limbs admirably modelled. The back is particularly beautiful; but indeed there is hardly any point of vision where a defect or blemish of outline can be detected. Where the muscle above the mammae retires, below the right shoulder, there is the slightest appear-

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ance which, we could hypercritically say, was not to our taste. We must, however, declare our decided objection to the chain between the manacled wrists. If a sculptor cannot express his idea or convey his meaning without an accessory of this kind, he fails in the highest elevation of his art: his design is imperfect. The chain is in itself contrary to historical truth, and ought assuredly to be taken away.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON SEEING THE ADVERTISEMENT OF "INTELLECTUAL PAPER-HANGINGS."

I've frequently heard of a book, when defunct,
Becoming of service for lining a trunk;
But it seems now an author may find it his doom
To make himself useful in papering a room;
And perhaps the most singular feature of all
Is, that here 'tis the strongest that goes to the wall.
Suppose now you're going to furnish a dwelling,
What field there is left for your taste to excel in!
And first,—if we take the domain of the cook,
You might paper her walls with the cookery-book;
In the nursery next, some three feet from the ground,
Might the primitive stratum of "letters" be found;
While, the scale still ascending with each elevation,
Even step would display a superior formation.
Thus truly, with scarce any figure at all,
Would the young olive-branches be trained to the wall.

The drawing-room next should its beauties unfold,
In the style of the fashion—all nonsense and gold;
But as that is a good deal too flimsy to last,
With the annuals each season its cost it must cast;
And lastly, the bedrooms—that's easy enough—
There's no lack, as you know, sir, of somnolent stuff.
And now, Mr. Editor, you may, no doubt,
For an increase of critical labours look out,
For each lady-acquaintance—nor can you escape her—
Will claim your assistance in choosing her paper.

R. F.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—We have not had any novelties in music here during the past week, unless it be that *Don Giovanni*, the greatest opera of the great genius, has been done in a manner certainly never surpassed for excellence in the performance both of the music and the characters: her Majesty having commanded its performance on Tuesday, in place of *Linda di Chamouni*, which was announced, honoured the performance with her presence, and with her royal consort laughed most heartily at the inimitable drollery of Lablache's *Leporello*: in the last scene the awful and unearthly sounds of the music were given with a thrilling effect by the superb band, and Botelli sang the music very effectively. On Thursday the force of Carlotta Grisi was added to the *corps de ballet*, already so attractive, and truth to say, the legs (as generally on the race-course) have it all to nothing. Other species of dramatic entertainment are "slow" in comparison; and we have reason to be glad that comedy at the Haymarket, melodrama at the Adelphi, caricature and humour at the Lyceum, and the legitimate at Sadler's Wells, hold up their heads so well as they do.

Drury Lane has cut a sad figure this week. The *Enchantress* and Thillon having caught cold and sore throat, the theatre has been shut from night to night. This is a great derangement, and must be vexatious to the management, and misery to the poor performers.

Princess's Theatre.—A novelty entitled *The Chevalier St. George* has been produced here with success; and at

Sadler's Wells, to *Fi-Fi*, an amusing burlesque, has been added a regular five-act piece, called *The King's Friend*, embodying scenes from the life of Henri Quatre and his minister Sully. It is well put on the stage, and ably acted; and when a little curtailed, will most probably have a considerable run.

Concert for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution.—This charitable undertaking came off at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 16th ult. It was, we are happy to say, very well attended, and as regards the music, which was under the direction of Mr. Salaman, rather of a superior order. Madame Dorus Gras, having retired from the Académie Royale, was welcomed heartily on her appearance again before an English audience; she is a very finished *artiste*, and sang very delightfully. Staudigl also was very successful in all he performed.

Herr Pischek.—The well-known and respected Staudigl has now a rival in this very excellent singer, who débuted at the Philharmonic. His voice is a remarkable combination of the bass and baritone powers, with a very clear and accurate falsetto, which he renders very effective. He sings with very good expression; but whether he will supplant Staudigl in public estimation must remain somewhat doubtful: such a singer as Pischek is certainly a great acquisition to our musical staff now in town.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Banim's Widow.—The Irish newspapers state that Sir R. Peel has presented 50*l.*, from the fund at his disposal, to the widow of the late Mr. Banim; and at the same time intimated his intention, when the pension-list allows of it, to place her upon it permanently for a provision.

M. Luppino.—This veteran scene-painter, who for half a century was well known to the London stage and London society as the principal decorator of the Opera House, died on the 30th ult., at Hertford, aged 96.

The Orthopaedic Anniversary on Friday was very numerously attended, and a large amount of subscriptions (no less than 997*l.*) received. The Duke of Cambridge presided during the early part of the evening; but being obliged to meet another engagement at nine o'clock, His Royal Highness was succeeded by Lord Abinger, who kept the business and pleasure of the day afloat with great tact and feeling till a late hour. Mr. Quarles Harris, Major Strausham, Mr. Buckingham, and others, addressed the company in able speeches; and the whole went off in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to the friends of the institution. In our previous notice we find we erred in saying that Prince Albert had joined it this year. The prince has long been its patron; and it was the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge which was new.

The Sibyl.—The inroads upon social intercourse, upon which we offered some not laudatory remarks in our last number, have been thus characterised in the *Times* of Monday:—"Sundry great personages appear upon the scene, after the manner of 'Coningsby.' They are either directly named, or so strongly alluded to that there is no mistaking them, and in reading the pages before us, if they do not detect their own likenesses, they will at least immediately detect each other's. Who, for instance, could hesitate for a moment in putting real names upon the imaginary Lady St. Julians, thinking to rule the empire through her brilliant parties,—or Alfred Mountchesney, the vapid, dissipated, but not altogether worthless fashionable?" The delineation is to the life, and the exposure keen, searching, and just. *Mr. Disraeli's powers of dissection are very great.* As we have recently had occasion to remark, when he takes a subject in hand he lays it open with astonishing dexterity.

The whole internal economy is given to view. Every pulsation, every muscle and nerve, is

clearly seen." Thus it is to deserve being described as the anatomist of private life and the cutter-up of acquaintances and associates.

The Arctic Expedition sailed from Greenwich on Monday. The newspapers mention that they took with them 200 tin canisters, to contain despatches written in six different languages, which will be cast into the sea occasionally, hermetically closed, in the hope that whenever any one is picked up, it may be forwarded to the Admiralty.

The Cambridge Camden Society.—Since the meeting described in our last number, every thing we hear from Cambridge on the subject indicates that the eruption in this society has become more and more a theological dispute, to which the improvement of Church-architecture is a mere stalking-horse.

Mr. Groom's Tulip-Show, Clapham Rise.—We were rather unlucky in our weather for a visit to this gay floral galaxy; but it was nevertheless very interesting, though the sun would not shine, and the rain would fall, and the summer cold of our variable climate would nip both fingers and flowers, noses as well as tulips. In the open air the latter were all in tears; and even under the shed they looked somewhat uncomfortable. The petals did not expand their cup-like forms so perfectly as usual, and the beautiful colours were consequently not seen to so much advantage. Several of the rose-tinted were, however, charmingly marked; and among the Bizards, a new variety, called after the Earl of Lincoln, struck us as particularly rich and fine. Perhaps a dozen of other specimens might be marked from the bright bed (worth 1500*l.*) as distinguished from the rest by superior attractions; but the whole were exceedingly handsome, and on a more favourable day would no doubt shine to yet greater advantage. Beyond the show itself, we were much gratified and informed by the conversation of Mr. Groom, whose application of chemical science to the improvement of floriculture is extremely curious and valuable in its results, and whose frank disclosure of the means he employed gave us much information.

Royal Free Hospital.—The anniversary at the London Tavern produced a subscription of 947*l.*, besides a legacy of 1500*l.*; but as we propose making further observations on the subject of this most humane and prosperous charity, we for the present abstain from any details.

Baths and Wash-Houses.—At a forenoon meeting at Willis's Rooms on Thursday, the Duke of Cambridge presiding, the past labours of the committee for carrying this philanthropic object into effect were fully detailed, and an account given of the building about to be erected at Whitechapel. (See preceding *Lit. Gazettes*.) The wide extension of the charity (and no charity can be more applauded) was eloquently advocated; and a further subscription set on foot to complete the first establishment, and form a fund for others in different localities of the metropolis.

W. J. Huggins., the marine-painter, and especially patronised by the late King William IV., is in the obituary of the past week. He died at his residence in Leadenhall Street, in his 64th year.

Mrs. Kemble, the aged widow of the late Stephen Kemble, and long eminent on the stage as Mrs. Brereton, is also in the final list. After the death of her husband Mr. K. at Lausanne, she returned to England, and has since resided at Leamington in competent circumstances. She has left the bulk of her property to Mr. Charles Kemble and his family.

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